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For The Child's Paper.

WE were somewhere about thirty-six degrees north latitude, on our way from Shanghai to London, the ship in charge of the first mate, when it came on to blow very heavily from the west, and the weather was thick, with a good deal of rain. This made Mr. Gilbert very uneasy, for we were getting close upon the Western islands. In the thick weather and strong westerly gales there was nothing to do, he thought, but to give them a wide berth, and he meant to keep well to windward of Flores. Gilbert, I suppose, was satisfied that he had weathered the island, for, after pricking off the ship on the chart, he decided on altering her course two points or so, rounding in the weather braces and shaking a reef out of the topsails. This change in our course made almost a fair wind for us, and as we had been hammering away for the last two or three days close-hauled under short canvas, in dirty weather, it was good news to all on board.

But the mate had *made a mistake.*

That very night, just as he was turning in—for he had not been in his berth for the last two nights, and now that his mind was at ease, he was resolved upon a few hours' sleep—the look-out on the forecastle shouted, "Breakers ahead!"

Gilbert was on deck in an instant, and gave his orders coolly and promptly: "Down with the helm. Raise tacks and sheets!" But it was *too late;* the only difference was, that the ship went crashing broadside on to the reef, instead of bows on. As she struck, the foremast went over the side at once, dragging with it the maintopmast; and there lay our noble ship, smashing and tearing herself on the reef off the shore of the island which poor Gilbert thought he had weathered. The heavy waves foamed up and beat against the hull, and she was, bit by bit, torn to pieces. What had been, thirty-six hours before, a strong and well-built ship, was now nothing but a mass of smashed and twisted timber, driven about like straw among the breakers.

God help the sailors. He did; they were mostly saved. Think of the dangers which they are exposed to who do business on the great deep, and pray for the sailor-boy.

"SET a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips." Psa. 141: 3.

For The Child's Paper.

A LITTLE GIRL'S QUESTION.

A dear little girl wrote her Sabbath-school teacher a note, and asked this question: "Will you tell me this: When Jesus says to the lambs on his right hand, 'Blessed are ye; for I was naked, and ye clothed me; and was sick and in prison, and ye came to me:' now if I can't clothe naked children, wont I come into heaven?"

Everybody who *loves* and *obeys* the dear Lord Jesus will have the door of heaven open, and will find a welcome there. But the Lord Jesus expects those who *do* love him, will have a heart to pity and a hand to do for others, as he did. We may not be able to do much—only a little. Nobody is so poor but he can be *kind* to another, for Jesus' sake. I suppose Jesus thinks we cannot help showing our love to him by our actions, any more than the flowers can help blooming, or the grass growing, or the apples reddening and ripening in the sunshine. They can't help it; they love to dearly. And so we should be kind and do good, just because we cannot help it, and because it is our delight to do what will please our best Friend.

For The Child's Paper.

MARY JANE.

I knew a little girl about sixteen years ago. She was much like other children, as full of sin and vanity as she could hold, and her parents had not as yet taken much pains to talk to her about religion; so she thought herself a very good little girl, because she said her prayers every night and morning, and was not more passionate, wilful, and perverse than most of her young companions. The God of love did not think this sinful child too young to learn of Jesus. He so ordered it, when she was just seven years old, that she was led by a pious servant into some almshouses, where a great and good man had just been preaching.

The servant and an aged woman entered into a long conversation together, to which the little girl listened, and wondered what could make them like to talk about such things. But at the close of it, the old woman took the child affectionately by the hand, and said to her, "My dear child, make the Lord Jesus your friend, now that you are so young, and when you come to be as old as I am, he 'll never leave you nor forsake you."

God the Spirit sent these simple words to the poor sinful child's heart. She walked home in silence by her nurse's side, thinking how she could get Jesus for her friend. Then she remembered how she had read of this dear Saviour in the Bible, and been wearied of the subject; how she had heard the minister preach Jesus, and wished the long dry sermon over; how she had said prayers to Him without minding what she said; how she had passed days, weeks, and months without thinking of him; how she had loved her play, her books, and her toys, and her playfellows, all, all better than Jesus. Then the Holy Spirit convinced her of sin. She saw that no one good thing dwelt in her, and that she deserved to be cast away from God for ever

Would Jesus love her now? Would he ever forgive her? She feared not, but she would try to please him. She would make herself very good, and then perhaps Jesus would be her friend. But the more this little girl tried to be good, the more her naughty heart got the better of her, for she was trying in her own strength. She was led to give up trying in this way, and many a night did she spend in praying to Jesus that he would teach her how to get her sins pardoned, and make her fit to have him for her friend.

Let me mention it for the encouragement of those who seek Jesus, that he did not disdain to listen to the prayers of this little child. He put it into her heart to read the Bible, of which, though she understood not all, yet she gathered enough to give her some comfort.

One day her attention was fixed on these words: "The Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." Now something that could take away sin was just what this little girl wanted; and she asked her father to tell her who this Lamb of God was. He explained the precious verse.

But who can describe the raptures of this little child when made to comprehend that "the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin?" Now she fled to Jesus indeed; now she knew that he had loved her, and given himself for her; now the Spirit of God "shed abroad the love of God in the heart" of a weak and foolish child, and "filled her with peace and joy in believing."

She had no one whom she could talk to of these things; but she held sweet converse with her reconciled God and Father; and gladly would she have quitted this life to go and dwell with Jesus. Since then she has spent nearly seventeen years of mingled happiness and pain. But she has had Jesus for her friend, and he never has forgotten her, and never will.

I send to The Child's Paper this delightful story, written by the little girl herself when she was grown up to be a woman, praying that it may lead many and many a dear child who reads it to that precious Lamb of God who can take away their sins, and fill them with the same joy which made glad the heart of little Mary Jane, of whom I may some time tell you more. H. C. K.

For The Child's Paper.

THE DIFFERENCE.

"Gracie," said Mrs. Hale one very cold day in winter, "can't you run down stairs and tell Bridget to bring up some more coal? mother is tired." That young lady being busy with her playthings upon the carpet, did not deign any reply to her mother's request, and a pout was plainly visible on her pretty face. An older sister, who was seated at the window, engaged with some bright fancy work, seeing this, immediately said, "I 'll go, mother;" and suiting the action to the word, she threw down her work, and ran down stairs with a light step. "Dear child," said Mrs. Hale unconsciously, her eyes following Annie's light form from the room, "what should I do without her? She carries light and comfort wherever she goes."

On another occasion Mrs. Hale desired Mary, the children's nurse, to wash and dress the baby, as she was going to take him out. Annie knew that Mary was tired, so she said, "Mamma, I will dress the baby, and Mary can rest. Come, Freddie," she added, as the little fellow stretched out his arms to her. "Sister 'll dress him, wont she?" she said as she took him away. Thus Annie was always ready, always willing, and always cheerful; while Gracie was seldom if ever ready to do any thing that was asked of her. At school and at home, Annie was equally beloved by parents, teachers, servants, and friends. And why? Why, for her sunny temper and helpful disposition. Annie was always willing, Gracie never ready; Annie was always pleasant, Gracie usually cross-grained and petulant. So, although Gracie had by far the prettier face, people said, "How beautiful Annie is," and, "How plain Gracie is." Which are you like.

For The Child's Paper.

A GENTLEMAN met a little boy feeling his way by the fence. "What is the matter, my lad?" asked the gentleman. "I am blind," said the boy; "I cannot see where to go." "That is a great misfortune," said the gentleman. "Yes, sir," answered the boy; "but I do n't fret about it now. I used to think it was hard for all the other boys to see, and I be blind; I don't now."

"How so?" asked the gentlemen; "it must be hard not to see." "Yes, sir," answered the boy; "but God made me blind, and he knows what is best. But he gave me a good mother and a Sunday-school to go to, instead of letting me be born a heathen child that prays to snakes and idols."

"I am sure you must be a good boy," said the gentleman. "I am not good," said poor Robert; "I think a great many wicked thoughts; and if it was n't for Jesus, I do n't know what I should do." "What does he do for you?" asked the gentleman. "When I pray to him," answered Robert, "he seems to say, 'I love and pity you, poor blind boy. I will take away your naughty, fretful heart, and give you a new one;' and then I feel happy, and I feel as if I almost heard the angels singing in heaven."

"You will some time, I dare say," said the gentleman. "Yes, sir, I hope I shall hear and see them," said the blind boy, "for my spirit will not be blind. It is only my house of flesh that has no windows. The Bible says, when it tells about heaven, 'There is no night there.' Here it is always night to blind folks. Oh, sir, when I feel bad because I cannot see, I think about heaven, and it comforts me."

A great many children who have eyes, and can see all they want to, I am sure are not half so thankful and contented and happy as poor Robert. Do you think they are? What makes Robert happy? What makes him *so* happy?

For The Child's Paper.

PLAYTHINGS.

Jerry, George, and Dick had each half a dollar given them by their uncle to buy something with. What should they buy? That was the question, and it was a great question.

"Aunty," said little Dick, sitting down by aunty's work-basket, "now what would you buy?" "Well," said aunty, "there are some things which only please by their *novelty*. I would not advise you to buy one of that class."

"What do you mean by novelty?" asked Dick. "They please *only* because they are *new* and funny," said aunty, "like a jumping-jack, for instance, which you would soon get tired of." "Yes, I know," said Dick.

"There is another class of playthings which, while they may give you pleasure, give others pain. I should not want to buy one of them," said aunty. "What, for instance?" asked Dick; "I do not know what playthings can give anybody pain." "A drum or a whistle," answered aunty. "Rub-a-dub-dub round the house all day, or even an afternoon, would worry your poor mamma's head very much, and I am sure it would that sick man in the next house." "Yes," said Dick, "I suppose it would. What more, aunty?"

"There are other playthings which give pleasure by their *use*," replied aunty, "a ball, a box of paints, a wheelbarrow, for example; the more you play with them, the better you like them. Things which please for their novelty usually please very much only for a few minutes, while the children are in a toy-shop buying, perhaps; while those things which last a long time, oftentimes do not give much pleasure at first."

"Then in buying my playthings I must think of three things," said Dickey: "whether they please me for their *novelty*, or for their *use;* or whether, in pleasing me, they do not pain other folks." "Exactly so," said aunty.

Wednesday afternoon the boys went into town with their money. Their mother gave them leave to make their own choice of what they wished to buy. Dick told his brothers about the advice aunty gave, but I do not know that it made much impression. Indeed I do not think it did; nor will you, when I tell you what they bought.

Jerry was very much taken by a mask. It was a horrible grinning pasteboard face, which Jerry thought would make a world of fun frightening folks. And it did; it almost put a little girl into fits. I mean it did frighten folks, if there is any fun in that. One day when his cousin Mary came to visit them, he dressed up in the mask and a great black shawl, and rushed out suddenly on her; and, as I said, it nearly set her into fits. The sudden fright destroyed all her enjoyment for the day. That is a poor sort of fun, is it not, which takes pleasure in giving pain?

George bought a dancing bear, not a real one of course. It was a droll looking toy, and every one looked at it a minute or so with amusement; but few cared to see it more than once. Besides, the machinery which set the bear going soon got out of order, and there was an end to it. George too bought a bag of filberts; so did Jerry.

What did Dick buy? An old man wanted to sell a tame squirrel, the prettiest little creature you ever saw. "I'll buy that," cried Dick.

"And I'll sell it to you on condition you 'll be kind to Sparkle," said the old man. "Oh yes, sir," said Dick, "I would n't be unkind for all the world. Is that his name?"

"I'll tell you how to feed him, and what he likes, and how pretty his ways are," said the old man. They sat down on some steps, and Dickey was much diverted as well as interested to hear all about Sparkle's habits. "I will get him a new and a bigger house to live him," said Dickey. "He 'd like that; would n't you, Sparkle?" said the old man.

So Dick bought the squirrel, and brought him home; and never did boy have a plaything which pleased him more. It was so cunning to see him fill his chops with corn, until he looked as if he had the mumps, and watch him crack a nut; and then it taught Dick to remember and to *take care;* a poor dumb creature must not be forgotten or neglected. And it made him wish to learn more about the manners and habits of animals, and gave him a taste for natural history.

"And, mother," said the little boy, "it more than ever makes me think God is good, because he makes dumb creatures so happy." H. C. K.

For The Child's Paper.

A PINT OF CRUMMY'S MILK.

Jasper was fixing a buckle on his strap, and Lucy was seeing him do it. You may be sure Lucy was never far from where Jasper was, if she could help it.

"Jasper," said Lucy, wishing to be agreeable, "do n't you think the gentleman who told us about the freedmen was very interesting?" "Not very," answered Jasper. "I think, very," said Lucy, a bit disappointed. "Not very," said Jasper. "*I* think, very," repeated Lucy with spirit. "You always think every thing is interesting," said Jasper; "I do n't."

"No, do n't I," cried Lucy in a loud tone. "You do," cried Jasper in a still louder one.

"I do n't," said Lucy angrily. Oh dear, how bad a spirit of contradiction is. Contradicting leads to quarrelling. Please do not contradict. See how foolish it is.

I do not know who would have stopped first, had there not been a knock at the door. Lucy ran to the door and opened it. Tommy Jones was on the steps with a card in his hand. "How much will you put down for the freedmen, Lucy?" asked Tommy Jones. A gentleman told the scholars in the Sabbath-school about the poor little colored children, who wanted to read and write, and he asked the boys and girls if they would not go around and try to raise some money to buy books and slates for them. The superintendent did not think it best for every child to engage in it, but he said each class might appoint one of its number to go. Jasper would like to have been the boy appointed in his class. He was not, however, and I should not wonder if he had been *dis*appointed.

"Oh dear," said Lucy, when Tommy asked her to give, "my missionary money is all gone, and I forgot to ask mother about it. I will ask her as soon as ever she gets home, and will fetch it to you, Tommy."

"Will not Jasper give me something?" asked Tommy.

"I am pretty sure not," answered Lucy. "I do not know how you can say that," cried Jasper, who overheard the talk. "Why, Jasper," said Lucy, "I thought so." "You are always thinking the wrong way," said Jasper crossly. Tears came into Lucy's eyes. "Yes, I'll give you something," said Jasper, taking his wallet out of his pocket and going to the door with some parade; but on opening it, there was not so much as a cent within. "By!" cried Jasper, "I spent it all on that top." "You ought n't to say, By!" said Lucy; "it is 'most swearing." Jasper looked at her as much as to say, "None of your business, miss." The look was too much for poor Lucy, and she began to cry. Tears ran like rain down her cheeks, and she looked and felt quite miserable. She was always miserable when Jasper was not pleased with her.

When mother came in, she saw tears on her little girl's cheeks. "What is the matter, my little one?" asked mother. Lucy did not like to find fault with Jasper. She never complained of him, not she. Indeed there was not much to tell; so she wiped her eyes, and told her mother about Tommy Jones' visit. "But I had no missionary money," said Lucy. "I wish I could earn a lot." "Nor I," said Jasper, "I wish I could earn a lot."

These children earn the money which they give away. Their mother likes them to give what *costs* them something. She thinks everybody that helps to build up the Saviour's blessed kingdom in the world should put in that which belongs to them. "I have a plan for you," she said—"a plan for you to earn your money steadily." "I will," cried Lucy, her face brightening. "Please tell, mother," asked Jasper. "Old Madam Coles wants a pint of Crummy's rich milk a day. You, children, may have the pay for your missionary money. She lives some way off, and you can take it to her every morning." "That will be fun," cried Lucy, laughing. "How much will a pint be?" asked Jasper. "Three cents, I think," said mother; "twenty-one cents a week." "How shall we divide twenty-one cents?" asked Jasper. "You shall have the biggest half, Jasper," said dear little Lucy. "Jasper can have the money one week, and Lucy the other," said mother; that will be even. Lucy can carry the milk her week, and Jasper his."

"Rainy days I will carry it for Lucy, Lucy's week," said Jasper.

The children were much pleased with their dear mother's plan, as well they might be; and when Jasper went to pasture, he told Crummy about it. Crummy whisked her long tail over her flanks, but never said a word. "Dear Crummy," said Lucy, when she marched into the yard, "you are going to be our missionary cow; you are going to help Jasper and me buy books for the freedmen, and send Bibles to heathen children, and get clothes for poor folks, and do ever so much. It is you, Crummy, that is going to help us, our dear, good cow."

"Lucy," said Jasper, "I wish father would pay me for going to pasture."

"Had you not rather do that for father's sake, Jasper?" asked little Lucy; "you know father does every thing for us." Jasper did not answer. He had not thought of that, I reckon.

The next morning Jasper filled his tin pail, and carried the first pint of milk to Madam Coles. He saw the old lady herself, and as she was sociable and loved children, he made bold to tell her his mother's plan, and that her pint of milk was his and Lucy's missionary pint.

"Ah, indeed," said the good old lady, as pleased as could be; "then perhaps I shall pay you four cents for it."

"Twenty-eight cents a week," cried Jasper, turning on his heel and racing home to Lucy; and I am afraid he did not stop to thank her. K.

CHILDREN often do their work in a hurry, and so do it poorly and get tired out. Work moderately, but *steadily*—that is the way.

For The Child's Paper.

Is there any thing prettier to see than sheep or lambs in their green pastures? some nibbling the sweet grass, some frisking about, and others lying down in the cool shade, and all so peaceful and contented.

I saw a little pet lamb the other day. It had lost its mother, and Freddy took it home. It was tethered on the green; that is, it was tied by a rope, a long rope, however, so that it had as much liberty as was good for it, till Freddy came home, when he slipped the rope from its neck, and they played together. The little lamb behaved so sweetly. It did not bark like the dog, or growl like the cat, or sting like a mosquito, or grunt like a pig; nor did it want to eat you up like a wolf. I did not wonder people said, "Gentle as a lamb;" and I thought how plainly it showed what the Lord Jesus expected of the children when he called them "his lambs"—humble, gentle, obedient, and contented, which made me feel more than ever how grieving a cross, fault-finding, growling, headstrong temper must be to our heavenly Father. His dear Son Jesus, our Saviour, is called the "Lamb of God," a sweet and blessed name, partly to show you, my children, what disposition is most like heaven, and what you must strive to be like in order to please him.

THE LITTLE VOICE.

There's an odd little voice ever speaking within,
That prompts us to duty, and warns us from sin;
And what is most strange, it will make itself heard,
Though it gives not a sound, and says never a word.

It is sure to upbraid if we act out a lie,
Nor will let the least evil pass silently by;
Nor is it less slow to command than reprove,
But praises each action of goodness and love.

'T is the voice of the Lord that is whispering thus;
'Tis our Father who 's speaking in mercy to us;
Who, knowing our proneness to wander astray,
Seeks thus to incline us his laws to obey.

Oh then let me listen with reverence and awe
To this voice of my God as my guide and my law;
Obey the stern watchman that 's guarding within
To warn me of danger, temptation, and sin.

May *Conscience* and I live together in peace,
My awe of my honest companion increase;
That I may refuse not its bidding to do,
Whate'er it demand or bid me pursue.

For The Child's Paper.

SAVING INSTEAD OF SPENDING.

Young Peter had six cents given him, and as is common, the other children ran to father to tell how fortunate Peter had been. Fearing that the money would be misspent, he advised Peter to put it into his box. "It is no use putting it by," replied Peter; "what good will it do there?" In a distinct tone, and yet with an inviting aspect, the discreet parent said, "Peter, what are on your feet?" "Shoes, sir." "What covers your body?" "Clothes, sir." "On what do you rest at night?" "On the bed." "And what do you get in a morning?" "We get our breakfast, sir." "Now, Peter," he added, "listen to me," his brothers and sisters standing by, "if when I draw money from my customers, I were to say, It is of no use putting by, and were to go immediately and spend it, you would have neither shoes, nor clothes, nor bed, nor breakfast, nor any thing. If you had spent that six cents in candy, or other sweetmeats, it would all have been disposed of before morning; but if you save your money, you will soon get enough to buy something truly valuable."

How much money is saved by children, and this day is doing immense good in the world; but how much more might be saved, and put to the best of purposes. May God bless the children who are thus saving and disposed to do good. J. G.

DURHAM, C. E.

For The Child's Paper.

DOWN AND UP.

A lady made her way into the cellar kitchen of a miserable-looking house. The floor was so wet and broken, that the mud and mire pressed up through the cracks at every step. Dirt, dirt everywhere. You could not have stood the smells. There was but one piece of furniture, and that a tin cup. On a pile of shavings lay a husband and wife, not dead, but drunk. Their five little children were out in the alleys and gutters, hungry, half naked, crying for something to eat. That is what strong drink does, boys.

The kind lady did not give them up, but she set to work to help them up out of their sin and misery. There is nothing like trying, you know. The first step was to persuade them to sign the pledge of total abstinence—not one drop more, *never*—which they did. Then they took a second step up, which was to move into a more decent cellar. All they had to move was themselves and the tin cup, to be sure. The man went to work and made some stools and a table of some bits of wood, and some cups out of an old tomato can. An old coal-scuttle picked up in the street, set on four bricks, served for a stove, and they began housekeeping again. Pretty soon the lady gave them some cups and saucers and plates, and a straw bed, and by and by a little stove. The pledge, signed by both father and mother, was framed and hung on the wall. The children were clothed, and sent to day and Sabbath-school, and the parents now come to the evening prayer-meeting. They are looking up. They begin to hope for better days.

"The pledge!" they say; "God help us keep the pledge; for if we keep the pledge, the pledge will keep us." Remember that, boys, who have signed the pledge; if you keep it, it *will keep you.*

God is so good that he will hear
Whenever children humbly pray;
He always lends a gracious ear
To what the *youngest* child can say.

He loves to hear an infant tongue
Thank him for all his mercies given;
And when by babes his praise is sung,
Their cheerful songs are heard in heaven.

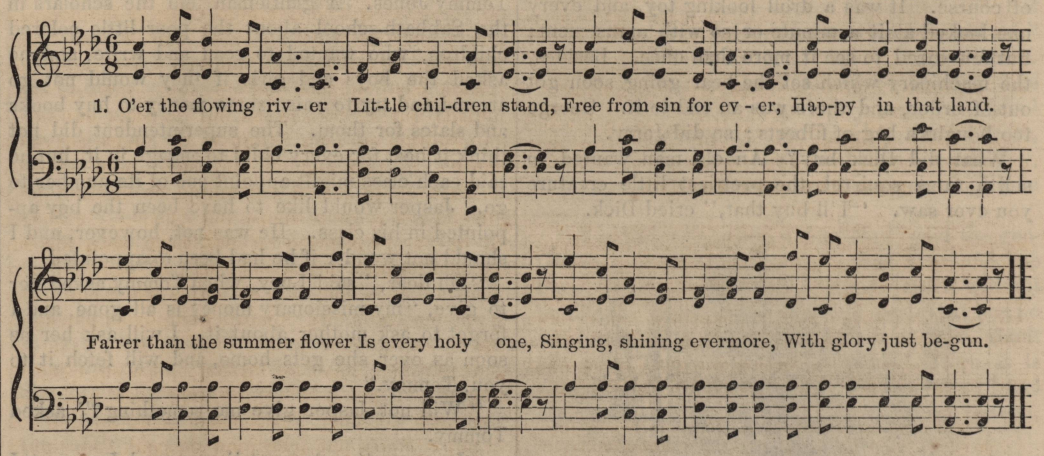
For The Child's Paper.

"NOT WORTH A STRAW."

Perhaps a straw is not as worthless as you think. Let us see. Straws are the stems of wheat, rye, oats, and barley. In order to wave to and fro in the wind, and yet bear up the heads of grain, they must be both *light* and *strong*. Let us see how lightness is secured. They are made hollow, you see, like quills; and yet not hollow through the whole length, for every now and then we find a knob or joint, which helps brace up the sides and make them strong. The straw outside is hard, and looks shiny, as if it had been polished. It *is* polished, and that keeps the weather and the insects from damaging it, besides adding to its strength. Polish! but where does it get polish? God gave these plants the power of drawing up through their roots this gummy sort of varnish from the earth. It is flint. There is nothing like it on the stem of the sweet pea or the currant bush, because they do not need it. But does it not show God's wisdom and knowledge in giving this power to one plant where it is needed, and withholding it from others where it is not? So you see that a straw even can show the wonderful power of our Creator God, and speak his praise.

O'ER THE FLOWING RIVER.

Rev. A. A. GRALEY.


1. O'er the flowing riv - er Lit-tle chil-dren stand, Free from sin for ev - er, Hap-py in that land.
Fairer than the summer flower Is every holy one, Singing, shining evermore, With glory just be-gun.

2. Once their eyes were streaming
With the tears of woe;
Now with rapture beaming,
Not a tear they know:
Crowns of glory now they wear,
And ever as they rove,
O'er the tuneful harps they bear
Their skilful fingers move.

3. 'T was Immanuel sought them,
Straying from the fold;
With a price he bought them,
Dearer far than gold;
Not the treasures of the mine,
Not bleating flocks he gave;
Blood he shed—'t was blood divine,
To sanctify and save.

4. Little saints in glory,
Guilty though I be,
I have learned the story,
"Jesus died for me."
Ransomed by his blood divine,
My Saviour I will love;
Bear his cross, then rise and join
Your shining band above.

*** From "HAPPY VOICES," by the American Tract Society, believed to be the very best collection of Hymns and Tunes for Home and Sabbath-schools. Price by the quantity, 30 cents, or 35 cents in boards.

"MOTHER," said a dear little girl, "I always *mean* to do right, but somehow or other I find myself naughty."

"*Meaning* to do right is not enough, my love," said mother; "you must *do* right, and then naughty wont find you."

For The Child's Paper.

A GOOD USE FOR OLD CHILD'S PAPERS.

A gentleman in Alabama returns thanks to "Hattie Crane" and other children whose names he found on some copies of The Child's Paper, which they had sent South through the Freedmen's Bureau. "When I gave them out, last Sunday," he says, "they made the eyes of about a hundred children glisten with delight—children who, four weeks ago, had never been in a Sunday-school. I wish all the children who take The Child's Paper would do as she did—save all you get, get all you can, and when you get enough, write your name on them, give them to your superintendent, and tell him that the poor colored children want them, and he will find some way to send them."

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